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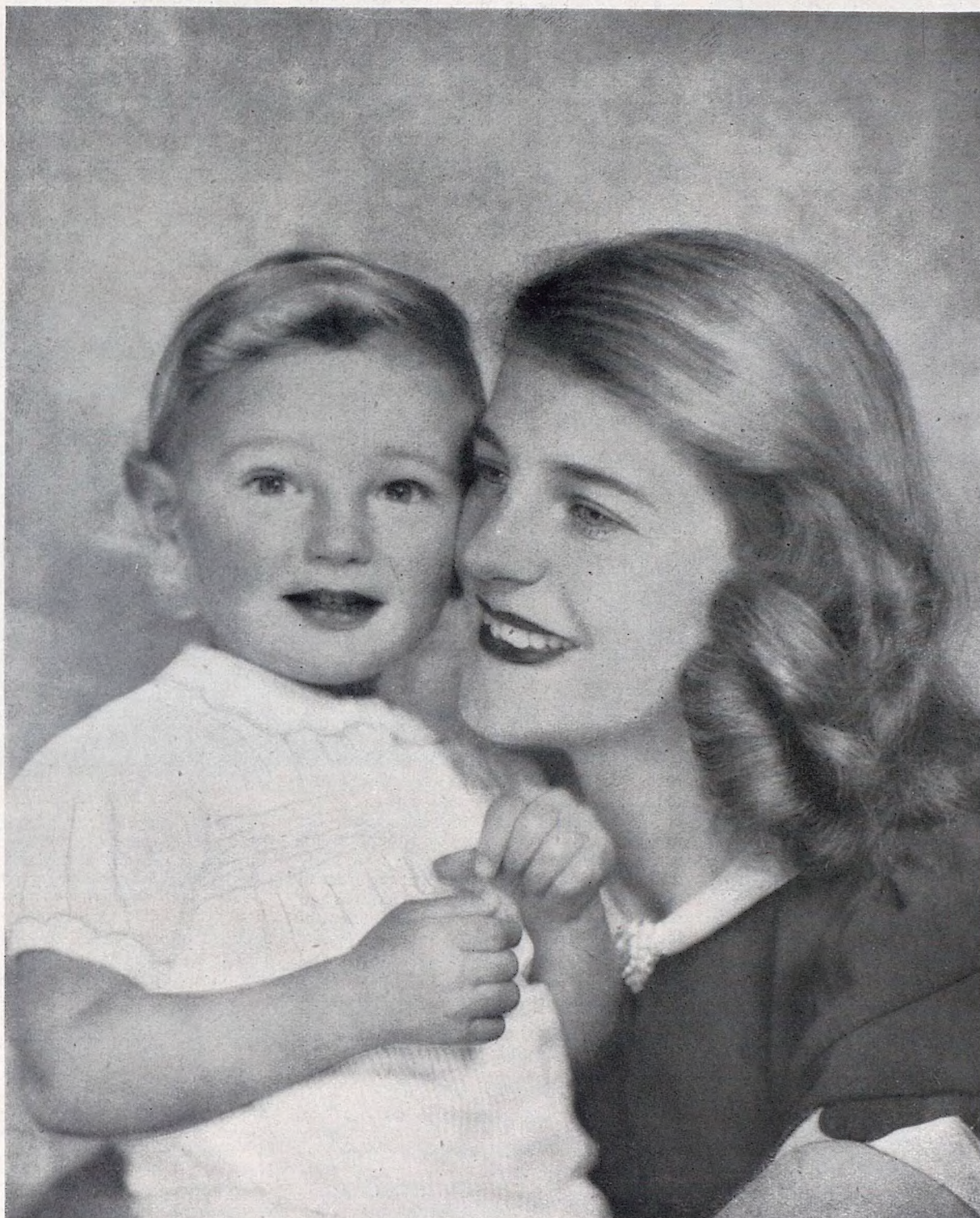
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Marcus Adams

Lady Ebury and Her Son

Lady Ebury was married in November, 1941. She was the Hon. Denise Yarde-Buller, and is the second of Lord Churston's four sisters. Lord Ebury succeeded as 5th Baron on the death of his father in 1932. He was a Lord in-Waiting to the King from 1939 to 1940, and is now serving in the Royal Artillery. He was awarded the D.S.O. this summer. Their son, the Hon. William Wellesley Grosvenor, was born in 1942. The Eburys' home is Days House, East Hanney, Berkshire



Two V.C.s and the Viceroy

Two guests at the Viceroy's garden party at New Delhi, seen talking to their host, were G/Capt. J. B. Nicholson, the first fighter pilot V.C. of the war, and W/Cdr. G. L. Cheshire, V.C., our greatest bomber pilot



Visiting the Front in Italy

Sir Noel Charles, British Ambassador in Rome, with Lt.-Gen. S. C. Kirkman, O.B.E., Commander of the 13th Corps, toured the Fifth Army front in November. They are seen at an Indian Division H.Q.



In Liberated Metz

Major-General L. S. Irwin, Commander of the 5th Division, General Henri Giraud and General Dody, Military Governor of Metz, were photographed in the city after its liberation. General Giraud was a former Military Governor of the fortress city



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Review

THE high hopes which were held in the high places when the present offensive in the west began have not been maintained. The experts are now making their new assessments of the situation, and those who thought and argued that the Allies would have to wait until the spring before they could finally crack the Germans are now finding a majority of people coming round to their view. The Prime Minister has always been on the side of those who insisted that the longer view might in the end prove to be nearer the exact truth than the shorter and more optimistic view. General Marshall, head of the United States Army, has admitted his own disappointment at the turn of events.

He had hoped, he says, to see the German lines broken in the early days of December, which would have given us the prospect of an early end to hostilities in Europe. General Marshall has now changed his opinion; and Mr. Churchill has gone even further and declared that the war might go on beyond the early summer to the days of the late summer. These are opinions which must be accepted, for both men concerned know the uncertainty of war at all times. One thing that does appear certain to me is that the Allied Commanders are not going to allow the Western Front to remain static throughout the winter. They will continue to strike as and when opportunity offers. Being on the side of the optimists, I still believe that we may yet have a surprise.

Facts

WHEN we look back it is easy to trace the course of events and to recognize their meaning. It is more than three weeks ago that a co-ordinated series of attacks were opened on Germany's western wall. Everything was ready for a full-scale effort which was calculated to cause a break in the German defences at one or other point. There was, of course, the problem of communications and supplies, but it seems to have been that supplies were fairly well up in the forward areas when the order to attack was given. In addition, the Germans had suffered heavy casualties from the moment of the successful invasion of Normandy by the Allies. Over 700,000 German prisoners had been taken and this began to accentuate the real problem inside Germany, which is one of man-power. At the moment of the attack and when the Allied Commanders were expressing their confident hopes, there was always the proviso that everything depended on the weather. In due course the weather revealed itself. Rarely has there been such a wet November. Not for a long time has visibility been so poor. The air forces which were able to do such good work in the early days of the Normandy invasion were grounded. At no time, therefore, has it been possible for the full weight of the Allied armies and air forces to be thrown into battle. This tremendous power has yet to fall on the Germans, and it may fall at any moment.

Strain

THE Germans are strained to their utmost on every front, in Italy, on the Russian Front and in the west. The Eastern Front is full of promise for the Allied cause. The Russians are obviously preparing for one of their sudden

and usually successful offensives. The way points to Vienna at the moment, but the actual plan may lead the Russians through Poland to Berlin. This is the shortest way. With the hardening of the ground and the clearing of the skies the war on all fronts can, and I believe will, reach a new pitch of intensity in the weeks ahead. When this is achieved, the barrier of the Rhine will mean as little to the Allies in the west as the drive through the heavily defended parts of Poland will mean to the Russians. It is the victorious armies who are poised for this final blow. The German High Command must be aware of the extremity of their plight. They must know that while the New Year may bring new hope to the most



Army Supply Service Chief

Major-Gen. Miles W. A. P. Graham, C.B., C.B.E., M.C., was appointed Chief of Staff Administration in June. His was the brain behind the Army Supply Service, which has assured to our Armies in France, Belgium and Holland their constant stream of supplies

fanatical of the Nazis, who are prepared to gamble on anything, it cannot alter the situation; it must improve the chances of the Allies.

Scorching

INSIDE Germany chaos develops and increases. The Germans who have at all times in this war shown the utmost adaptability in administration, are now up against problems which are almost insoluble. No longer do we hear references to the skill and courage and daring of Frederick the Great, the hero of Hitler. Nevertheless the German soldier is fighting as ferociously as ever. It is strange to us, but most of them who are taken prisoner still believe that Germany will win the war. They believe in Hitler's secret weapons, and the ultimate power of Germany to throw back the invader. Among the German people, however, there are signs that even the Nazis are not having everything their own way. For instance, the Nazis are frightened to suggest to the German people that they should adopt a scorched earth policy. This may be the reason why General Eisenhower recently broadcast a message to Germany that they must not resort to scorching their own

earth, for if they do they will have to take their place in the queue for food supplies after the war is over. Those countries which have known German occupation and oppression must come first. General Eisenhower urged Germans to save their food stocks from destruction if they were to avoid hunger after defeat.

Trouble

THERE is nothing the Nazis can do now to arrest a situation of chaos in Germany. Never was the time more ripe to penetrate to the heart of Germany with powerful propaganda. The German people must be ready to believe anything after the failure of Hitler to save them. But not even Hitler's silence, or disappearance from the public gaze, appears greatly to have disturbed the German people. Goebbels is the little man who has been given the big job. He goes to places where Hitler used to appear. Before the war most Germans knew what Goebbels stood for. They did not like him. They knew that he was a man who could distort the truth. So they cannot have much faith in Goebbels's new role.

Reports that Ribbentrop has fallen foul of Himmler and has been, or is about to be,

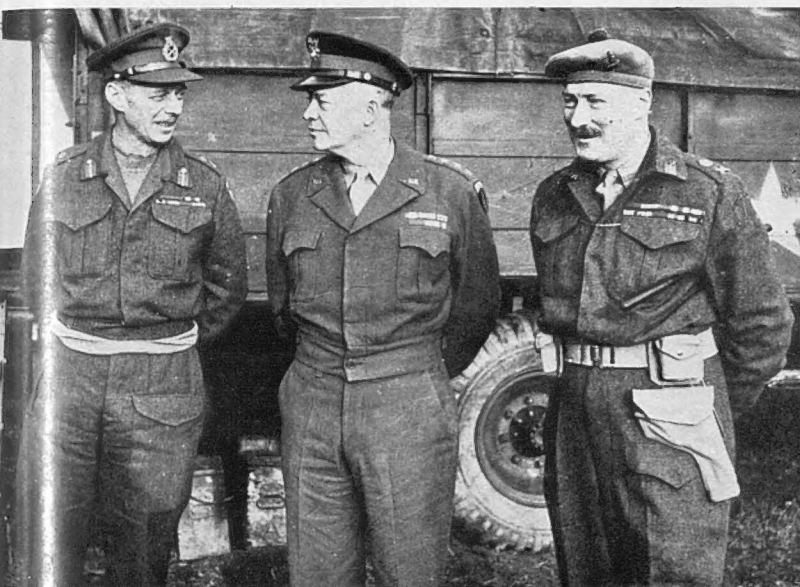
the British Government in the last two months have been directed towards producing a sense of national unity and national effort among the Greek people. Among the politicians this always seemed to be a hopeless task, so the Government attempted to tackle it by injecting economic and financial assistance into Greece. The idea was that if the Greek people were given encouragement to find work in order to provide food for themselves, they might be saved from anarchy.

The events of the last week have made most unhappy reading. Mr. Churchill has had to insist that in such circumstances as have been prevailing in Athens it is sometimes necessary to cause bloodshed to save life. It is a most unenviable position for the British Government to have to face. It might yet have profound repercussions in this country and particularly on the Government. The Left-wing supporters of the Labour Party have been in full cry, and they wish to make the Greek situation an issue. The Conservatives, on the other hand, are just as worried, but they adopt the line that law and order must be maintained in the interests of all people, not merely for the benefit of any section or faction.



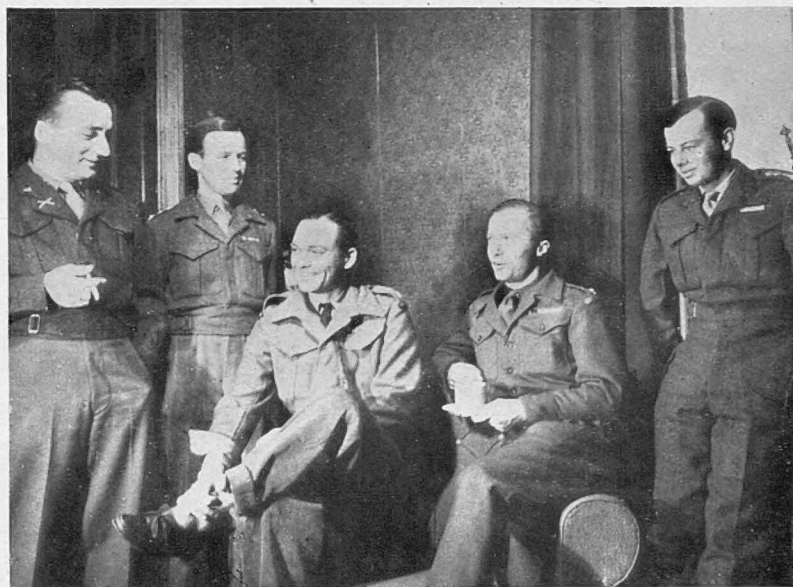
With the Australian Fighter Pilots

Sir Ronald Cross, British High Commissioner for Australia, visiting R.A.F. squadrons on the Burma front, chatted to Warrant Officer J. C. Saisell, Pilot Officer A. McLean, Warrant Officer J. G. Jackson, Pilot Officer A. G. Webb and Warrant Officer H. W. Reid. Behind him is Air Commodore S. F. Vincent, D.F.C., A.F.C.



Supreme Commander Visits the British Second Army

General Eisenhower recently toured the British sector of the battle front, and examined the defences on the German frontier. He conferred with Lieutenant-General Sir Miles Dempsey (left), commander of the 2nd Army, and Lieutenant-General Ritchie (right), British Corps commander, and former commander of the Eighth Army



Five men on Montgomery's Personal Staff

This group of members of Field Marshal Sir Bernard Montgomery's personal staff was taken during General Eisenhower's visit to the British sector. In the picture are Captain J. R. Ban Durrant, Captain N. W. Chavasse, M.C., Lieutenant-Colonel T. Warren, Lieutenant-Colonel Dawnay, M.V.O., O.B.E., and Captain J. R. Henderson, M.B.E.

dismissed, are not confirmed, and I doubt whether they will be. If by chance they should be, all manner of interesting prospects would open up. But at this moment I cannot see any of the Nazi leaders separating, or sacking each other. They must hang together to the very last moment. Ribbentrop never had a very great hold on the German people, and his greatest friend in the Nazi Party was always Hitler. It was Ribbentrop who misled Hitler. His foreign policy was based to a large degree on his loathing of England. He was a man, while in England, who suffered from an inferiority complex. This was probably the fuel which fed and increased his hate of this country. It was the cause of his misjudging the strength and purpose of the people of this country. Ribbentrop must be an unhappy man, for wherever he goes he will see the ruinous effects of his policy.

Control

THE situation in Greece cannot have come as a surprise to the British Government, and particularly to Mr. Anthony Eden, who visited Athens not many weeks ago. All the efforts of

Urgent

EVENTS in Greece, and the situation in Belgium, as well as developments in Italy, make it all the more necessary in the opinion of officials in Whitehall that there should be an early meeting between Mr. Churchill, Marshal Stalin and President Roosevelt. If Europe is to be preserved from anarchy and political exploitation there must be the closest co-operation between the Allies. It is unfair that the British Government should be blamed for what has happened in Greece, or that complaints should be publicized about our attitude towards Italy. Mr. Churchill has asserted so many times that it is an axiom of British policy that those countries liberated from the German yoke shall have the right to elect the leaders they desire. In the meantime, however, the British and American, as well as the Soviet Governments, have a responsibility jointly to guide and guard the peoples of the liberated countries until they can properly help themselves. This seems to be the crux of the problem which is now casting its shadow over Europe. Co-operation, not anarchy, is the only road towards real peace.



Celebrating Victories

Field Marshal Sir Harold Alexander (right) is seen with Major-General Pool, commander of the 6th South African Armoured Division, at a dinner given by the division to American forces who had fought on their right flank, to celebrate 8th Army victories

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Postscript to Henry

By James Agate

I HAVE received a very interesting letter from Cambridge:

Some years ago (1937-38) I was in Berlin on film work with Ufa and was asked to give an opinion on the subject of filming Shakespeare. They all wanted to do the historical plays, and had set their hearts on *Henry V*. I advised caution, and advocated *Macbeth*—to start with—as I have always thought *Macbeth* might have been written as a film scenario, and should be the least difficult to put over as a film, without its losing its Shakespearean flavour or much of its atmosphere. Ufa's *Henry V* script was a good deal better than I had expected. They had avoided the usual Hollywood vulgarities, had put back many of the theatre "cuts," and although pretty full

complimentary reference to Malcolm, Siward and Macduff, say

Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?

And let Menteith reply

Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun;

Not separated with the racking clouds.

But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.

See, see! They join, embrace, and seem to kiss,

As if they vow'd some league inviolable:

Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun. . . .

If the play chosen is our old friend *Henry V* I should do exactly the same thing. The cinema being what it is, and cinema-goers being what they are, I should show French cavalry charging and English archers toxophilizing in the distance.



I Love a Soldier, which is at the Plaza, is the wartime story of three young American girls, Eve, Cissie and Jenny (Paulette Goddard, Mary Treen and Ann Doran). Eve and Cissie are war-workers and share an apartment with Jenny, the expectant wife of an airman. Eve entertains at the stage-door canteen and there meets Dan (Sonny Tufts), a soldier on leave. They are mothered by Etta Lane (Beulah Bondi), a wealthy spinster. Until Dan's wife completes a divorce action, Dan and Eve pretend they are married. All sorts of complications follow but all ends happily. Eve and Dan are married, Cissie finds romance with Dan's buddy, and Jenny has her baby (Above: Mary Treen, Walter Sande, Sonny Tufts and Paulette Goddard)

rein had been given to the battle scenes they had been kept in a minor key to serve as a background to the drama (mostly by long-distance "shots" of the battles and armies on the move) so that the more "theatre" parts were not completely obliterated from the mind by the clamour and glitter of the "big" shots. But—they added lines to Shakespeare to do it with!

And why not? They could have found lines in some unknown play by Shakespeare, say *King Henry VI*. Let us suppose that they are filming *Macbeth*. They arrive at Act V, Scene 2, which begins with Menteith saying:

The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward and the good Macduff.

Obviously the film-makers would want, to show the English power. Very well, then, let them show it by a long-distance shot of an army on the move. Then let Angus, making

And in the foreground I should have Henry spouting:

This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light,
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day nor night.
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea
Forced by the tide to combat with the wind;
Now sways it that way, like the selfsame sea
Forced to retire by fury of the wind;
Sometime the flood prevails. . . .

and keep on with as much of the speech until the horses had run out of breath and the bowmen out of arrows. And I should say to the distinguished expert I had called in to assist me: "Alan Dent, you arranger of texts, here's a subject made to your hand."

WHAT is the matter with the public taste? I looked in at the Academy one day last week, where the programme consisted of *The*

Little Foxes, followed by *La Kermesse Héroïque*. The sheer grip of the narrative and the really remarkable acting of Bette Davis in the first film, and the pictorial splendour, wit and superb performance by Françoise Rosay in the second would, one would have thought, have formed a bill to fill the house to overflowing. But no. And I lay it down that from the managerial point of view a full house, even if it be lukewarm, is better than a few benches barely if enthusiastically filled. I suggest, ladies, that when you have finished reading me for this week, and the hairdresser has unclamped your curls, spirals, waves or what-not, and freed you from humiliating subjection—I suggest, my pretty dears, that you trot along to the Academy and have another look at these two pictures.

AND then I saw a novelty, a film called *I Love a Soldier* (Plaza). There is a slight understatement about this title since the heroine, who is played by Paulette Goddard and is supposed to be a shipyard welder, seems to spend her time dancing and flirting with every soldier she meets, finally and dutifully kissing each good-bye at the railway station, after which she adds the latest "number" to a numerous collection, and two hours later is unable to distinguish one from t'other. However, she is supposed to be quite a nice, clean-minded girl, and she meets her fate in Dan, who is played by Sonny Tufts, and being portrayed by S.T. is of course the kind of shy, clumsy, awkward, kindly, tongue-tied guy we should expect to see. This one is a particularly unintelligent specimen of the American Army: his vocabulary consists largely of the word "swell," while his sentiments are largely confined to the fact that it is fourteen months since he held a girl in his arms, or saw a lamp-post, or saw the ferry, or saw the moon, or saw an apple pie. Paulette falls for this large moon, and of course he for her, and the oldest story in the world unfolds itself for one hour and three quarters, when of course everything pans out exactly as our cinema audiences desire—marriage-bells, kisses *ad lib.*, and the prospect of perfect peace and happiness for evermore.

THERE is however, it is only fair to say, a slight vestige of a problem in the film. This is: Should a Girl Marry in Wartime, or Wait Until Peace is Declared? What do you think, dear Lady Snooks? Suppose you were some forty years younger, wouldn't you, like Miss Lane in this film, admirably played by Beulah Bondi, say to your girl-protégée: "My dear Eve, don't make the mistake I made when I was a girl, and kept on dilly-dallying and shilly-shallying, till the man disappeared and I was left waiting at the church. Marry the brute, chance your luck, and heaven help you." Well, I hope I am betraying no state secret if I divulge that Eve does marry Dan.

WHAT is that you say, Mrs. Forzando?—you like happy endings in plays, novels and films, and you dislike shocks or the unexpected? Then for goodness' sake go and see *I Love a Soldier* where B follows on A and D on C with admirable precision, any danger of shock being painlessly eliminated. Do we not know that the father of the winsome baby, supposed killed in action, will turn up alive and kicking at just the right moment? The father, I mean, not the bally kid! Of course we did. In fact, only once were we let down, and that was when the soldier shown in the opening shot and also reported killed, failed to come to life. Very careless of the production, that! And very careless, too, to waste that superb comedian Barry Fitzgerald on one of the silliest parts ever thrown together.

Love, Lust, Hate and Murder

Russian Passions After Chekov in "Summer Storm"

● *Summer Storm* is an adaptation of Anton Chekov's *The Shooting Party*. The irresistible attractions of Olga, a peasant girl, bring misery and murder in their wake. Fedor, a Russian judge, falls for her, breaking his engagement to a girl he has long wished to marry. Finally driven mad by the peasant girl's infidelity he murders her, causing the guilt to be fastened on to her ignorant husband. Long years of misery follow until at last Fedor seeks to confess his guilt, writes his life story, regrets his impulse and is shot by the police in a street fight.

Fedor, Judge of the Russian Court (George Sanders), falls in love with Olga, the lovely daughter of a woodcutter (Linda Darnell)



Olga, who is the wife of Urbenin (Hugo Haas), is a worthless young thing. She is having an affair with Count Volsky (Edward Everett Horton) and with Fedor. Her husband's suspicions are aroused



Count Volsky invites Olga to a shooting party at his home. The peasant girl is now booted like a young lady of quality



Olga is found stabbed with a dagger. She dies, but without revealing the name of the murderer



The only witness of the tragedy is Clara (Lori Lahnner). She knows that Fedor is the one guilty, but refuses to speak



For seven long years Fedor is obsessed by thoughts of his guilty secret. He loses his position and his money and takes to drink



Finally, to ease his soul, Fedor writes a confession. He posts the manuscript, but immediately regrets his impulsive action



In his anxiety to recover the manuscript Fedor fights. The police are called but too late. Fedor dies in the arms of his first love, Nadina (Anna Lee)

The Theatre

"Anna Christie" (Arts)

By Horace Horsnell

ADMIRERS of Eugene O'Neill, the American dramatist, will hardly need reminding that seafaring men, in drama at any rate, are apt to have strong feelings and to express them with passionate simplicity. In the stokehold, for instance, and the heat of the moment, tempers can be short and choppy, like the sea; and spades are less often apostrophized as spades than as ruddy shovels. When emotion enters the fo'c'sle, it can play havoc with the manners and customs of so-called polite society. Mr. O'Neill is familiar with these characteristics, and portrays them with bravura in this drama of the sea.



Anna Christie, barge's daughter and fallen woman, is the talk of the Boston quayside (Dorothy Reynolds)

The scene opens in the bar of a New York water-front saloon. The old Swedish skipper of a coal barge is nervously expecting a visit from his daughter Anna, whom he has not seen since he parked her as a child on a farm in the Middle West. She is now a young woman and the idol of his dreams. He placed her there when he emigrated to America, in order to protect her from "that old devil the sea," which has taken such heavy toll of his kindred and widowed so many of its wives.

While he is cooling off from the liberal potations with which he has been fortifying his shyness of the prospective meeting, Anna arrives. She, too, is apprehensive, for the interval has been anything but the idyll her father supposed. While awaiting him, she has a drink or two, and a heart-to-heart talk with Marthy, her father's dockside consolatrix on his between-trips visits ashore. This enables us to make Anna's true acquaintance, and to learn something of her history which has been tragic.

She is not only desperately unhappy, but an "unfortunate," and her views on life in

general, and men in particular, are grim. Those pastoral cousins to whom her father entrusted her were less the idyllic young farmers he had supposed than slave-driving satyrs from whom Anna had fled, leaving her innocence behind. And her father, to whom she had fled, was by no means the comfortably placed janitor she supposed him to be, though he had, Marthy declared, a heart of gold.

THESE opening moves are firm, economical and explicit. They establish the characters and skilfully launch the plot. And when Anna and her father have met, and go together to the barge, we are in possession of the relevant facts concerning them. We know that Anna is convalescing from the fatigues and bitter illusions of her life of prostitution, and that she is prepared, for the time being, to put up with what she imagines is the squalor of the barge in default of other alternatives.

The rest of the action passes aboard the barge at anchor. Anna recovering her resilience, her father dotingly concerned for her and his previous neglect, and the shipwrecked Irish stoker cast on them by the sea, are the sole exponents of the powerful situations Mr. O'Neill primes with such drastic explosives.

The first scene, the deck of the barge at night in the fog-bound harbour, is an impressive nocturne with a symbolic beauty. In such an atmosphere and to such subjects, anything may happen; and Anna's apparently sleeping fates and furies see that it does. Her new-found peace is rudely broken. She falls truly in love with the castaway, and he with her; but, desperately resolved to keep her tragic past a secret, she will not marry him. But his



Max Burke (Trevor Howard), a stoker, is befriended by Anna's father. He makes love to Anna (Dorothy Reynolds), who finds herself falling very much in love with him

bewildered reproaches, her father's jealousy, and her own torment, force her to reveal it to them. The old man is filled with remorseful dismay, her lover horrified, and she distraught with despair. And although a happy ending is eventually achieved, one is permitted to doubt if it is more than an histrionic expedient.

THIS production by Judith Furse has considerable virtue. It is strong, imaginative, and technically resourceful. The acting, too, is first-rate. Miss Dorothy Reynolds fulfils Anna with tragic beauty; Mr. Trevor Howard, as the hairy-chested play-boy from the sea, blends blarney with passion most effectively, and Mr. Ernest Jay naturalizes the accent and idiosyncrasies of Anna's father like the good actor he is. Not perhaps a play for all tastes; but for those who like their drama strong but not too sweet, just their cup of tea.



Christopherson is the captain of the barge Simeon Winthrop. He is Anna's father and an old admirer of Marthy's (Ernest Jay, Anna Marie Hase)

Sketches by
Tom Titt



Don Alfonso bribes Despina to help him play a trick on the sisters (Rose Hill, Owen Brannigan)



Don Alfonso tells the sisters that their lovers have been called to the war (Margaret Ritchie, Owen Brannigan, Joan Cross)



Dorabella and Ferrando bid each other a sentimental farewell (Margaret Ritchie, Peter Pears)

"Cosi Fan Tutte"—a Mozart Opera

Joan Cross in a Sasa Machov Production



The lovers, returning unexpectedly, find the notary (Despina in disguise) under the table (Rose Hill, Peter Pears, John Hargreaves)

● The Sadler's Wells Opera Company have revived *Cosi Fan Tutte*, an opera first produced in Vienna in 1790 and which contains some of Mozart's most exquisite music. In it, Joan Cross, the Director of the Company, makes one of her all too rare appearances as Fiordiligi, one of the two sisters whose lovers go off to the war and return disguised in order to test the constancy of their sweethearts' loves. Sasa Machov is the producer: Lawrance Collingwood the Conductor of the opera

Photographs by Alexander Bender



Seeking to prove the constancy of his brother-officer's lady, Ferrando, in disguise, woos Fiordiligi (Joan Cross, Peter Pears)

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

Parliament Reopens

THE KING has once again opened a new Session of Parliament in person, and, as usual, was accompanied by his Queen. They really looked an ideal couple as they walked into the temporary Chamber, he a slim but stalwart figure in the uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet, and she smiling and gracious as she came with him, hand in hand, to take their seats on the thrones. All black

Stand Down

A NEW feature was introduced into the age-old ceremonial of His Majesty's reception at his Palace of Westminster by the Lord Great Chamberlain, the Earl of Ancaster, and the Earl Marshal, the Duke of Norfolk, when the King inspected a special guard of honour of members of the Home Guard of the Houses of Parliament, and had their officers presented to him.

Naval Occasion

EVERYONE at Court, from the King and Queen downwards, was delighted at the triumphant success scored by Princess Elizabeth at her first big public function of real national importance—the launch of the newest, and greatest, ship of the Royal Navy. Princess Elizabeth herself was delighted, too; delighted at the uproarious welcome the tough northern shipyard workers gave her, delighted at the ease with which “her” ship took the water, delighted when the sun came out, just like a pantomime effect, from behind grey clouds the moment after the launch, and delighted as any girl would be, with the exquisite diamond brooch the shipbuilders gave her as a souvenir.

The brooch is of diamonds in the form of the Rose of England. It is an addition of considerable value to the Princess's already quite considerable collection of jewellery, for it is of a certain antiquity, having been made in 1770.

Lady Mary Strachey, making her first public appearance since her marriage, was in attendance



Married

F/Lt. Hugh Farmar, son of Col. and Mrs. Farmar, of 7, Burton Court, S.W., married Miss Constantia Rumbold, daughter of the late Sir Horace Rumbold and of the Dowager Lady Rumbold, at Grosvenor Chapel, South Audley Street



Christened

This group taken at the christening at St. James's, Spanish Place, of Sarah, daughter of Lt.-Col. A. Dunlop, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, and Mrs. Dunlop (daughter of Col. A. Macdonald, D.S.O.), shows the parents and the baby, with the godparents, Lt.-Col. J. Weld, Capt. J. Maxwell Macdonald, Miss Penelope Chrichton Stuart and Miss Mary Lee



Decorated

Mrs. Leslie Hore-Belisha, seen at a film premiere with her husband, recently received the B.E.M., awarded her before her marriage for her services as a voluntary hospital worker. She was formerly Miss Cynthia Elliot

suits the Queen's brilliant complexion admirably, and her pearls and the diamond brooch in the shape of a feather showed up well against her black velvet dress.

It was interesting to note the number of younger members of the Lords who were present, such as Lord Willingdon, Lord Poulett and Lord Derwent. The older generation was represented in the peeresses' pen by Lady Simon, Lady Elibank and Lady Lytton. Lady Apsley, M.P., was in her wheeled chair in the Royal Gallery, and Mrs. Tate was another woman M.P. also to be seen. Among the men M.P.s who attended were the Hon. Lionel Berry (with his youngest brother, Anthony, who is head and shoulders taller than him and is on sick leave), Lord Fermoy and Sir Douglas Hacking, as well as many members of the Government, outstanding among them, being Mr. Eden. The King's Speech only lasted a short quarter of an hour, when the little procession was again formed and moved out, headed by the Duke of Norfolk and Lord Ancaster, who did that difficult feat of walking backwards for the whole length of the Royal Gallery without a falter, and keeping a perfectly straight line—a most excellent performance!

This was the first of a number of farewell functions in connection with the “stand down” of the H.G.s. Chief of them, of course, was the great parade through Hyde Park, where the King, as Colonel-in-Chief of the Home Guard, took the salute from 7000 representatives of units from every part of the United Kingdom, with the Queen, Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret at his side.

There was a collection of notables around the Royal stand, while Sir James Grigg, the War Minister, and General Sir Harold Franklyn, C.-in-C., Home Forces, stood with His Majesty. Others I noticed there included the newly elected Lord Mayor of London, Sir Frank Alexander; Mr. A. V. Alexander, First Lord of the Admiralty; Lord Croft, Under-Secretary for War and author of the famous “pikes” announcement in the early days of the H.G.; Sir Philip Game, the Commissioner of Police; three Field-M Marshals, Lord Cavan, Lord Milne and Sir Claud Jacob; and, in his capacity as Lord Lieutenant of London, the Duke of Wellington, descendant of the Iron Duke, in whose day the forerunners of the Home Guard, the train-bands to resist Napoleonic invasion, were formed.

on H.R.H. as Lady-in-Waiting, and Rear-Admiral Sir Basil Brooke, Treasurer to the Queen, and one of the Princess's oldest friends—he has known her almost since she was born—and Capt. (S.) “Bartimeus” Ritchie, the King's Press Secretary, were also in attendance.

Mr. A. V. Alexander, First Lord of the Admiralty; Lord Bruntisfield, Parliamentary Secretary; Admiral of the Fleet Sir Andrew Cunningham, the First Sea Lord; Vice-Admiral Sir Frederic Wake-Walker; the Marquis and Marchioness of Anglesey, with their son, the Earl of Uxbridge, were some of those at the launch of the battleship, which was followed by a private luncheon-party, where the Princess received her brooch and saw a model of the ship as she will be when completed—a model the enemy Intelligence would pay a great price to see.

Queen at S.S.A.F.A. Sale

WHEN Her Majesty the Queen visited the Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association's Christmas-tree Sale at Rootes, in Piccadilly, she was received by Air Vice-Marshal Sir Norman MacEwen, Hilda Duchess of Richmond and Gordon and Lady Mitchell.



Two Recent Dinner Parties at Ciro's

Jean Lady Brougham and Vaux was having dinner one night with Col. and Mrs. R. S. Rogers and her father-in-law, Major Sir John FitzGerald, M.C., twenty-first Knight of Kerry

In another party at the same restaurant were Major T. Waddington, S/Ldr. Nesbit Waddington (the Aga Khan's stud manager in Ireland), Lady Bridget Poulett and Mrs. Nesbit Waddington

Swaebe

Business With Pleasure

THE new French Ambassador and Madame Massigli are being given many opportunities of meeting people, and there was a wide variety to choose from at the huge party in their honour at which Sir Robert Bird, M.P., and Lady Bird were host and hostess in the ballroom of the Dorchester. To mention a few at random would include Sir William Rootes (Motor Cars), Sir Francis Joseph (Big Business), Mr. Ivor Newton (Music), Sir George Franckenstein (Diplomacy), Mr. Herbert Morrison (the Cabinet), Lord Iliffe (Newspapers), Sir Thomas Cook (Travel Agency in excelsis), Sir Malcolm Robertson (the British Council), Lady Annaly (former Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen) and Lady Sinclair (Air Ministry), as well as innumerable fellow-M.P.s of the host, who represents Wolverhampton in the House.

There were several important speeches, and after Sir Robert Bird had made his both in English and in French, Mr. Eden spoke briefly and to the point, followed by Monsieur Paul-Boncour, who talked in French after the

Ambassador had done his part in English. Mrs. Churchill was there to hear and applaud, and Madame Massigli showed how the new, rather overpowering hats (which the French made for the Germans, and which must have looked hideous on them) can be quite chic and attractive when worn by a smart Frenchwoman. Hers in this instance is perhaps worth describing, for it was of a vivid green, made like a high turban, off the forehead and down at the back, an uncurled, black ostrich-feather swirling down one side.

United Charities Fair

THE United Charities Fair held at Grosvenor House on St. Andrew's Day must have considerably swelled the funds of many deserving charities. The Fair was opened by Lord Bennett, who made one of his usual excellent speeches. With him on the platform were Miss Samson, the Chairman of the United Charities; Lady Rhys-Williams, the Hon. Lady Egerton, Lady Newborough, Lady Fulton, Mr. E. C. Britton,

(Concluded on page 344)



A Foursome and a Tête-à-Tête at a London Restaurant

Waiting to order their dinner at Ciro's were the Hon. Mrs. Edward Ward, wife of one of the Earl of Dudley's twin brothers, Mr. Geoffrey Russell, Miss Enid Paget, and Capt. the Earl of Rocksavage, M.C.

Mr. Geoffrey Akroyd lit a cigarette for Mrs. Marcus Marsh while waiting for their table. Mrs. Marsh was Eileen Bennett, of lawn-tennis fame, and her husband, the well-known trainer, is a prisoner

Swaebe



An Eton Speciality : The Wall Game in Progress



Lady Jean Bruce, the Countess of Elgin and the Hon. James Bruce



Peter Noble, Miss Coulthard, Major Sir Humphrey and Lady Noble and Marc Noble

St. Andrew's Day at Eton

Blue Sky and Sunshine for
the Celebrations

● St. Andrew's Day, falling this year on a Thursday, was celebrated on the following Saturday. There was a good attendance of parents and friends, the Wall Game as usual proving the biggest draw. Though both sides failed to score, the game was not lacking in excitement. In the morning, there was the Lower Boys' House cup final, and after lunch the match between the Brigade of Guards and the 60th, and an attraction of a different sort was the Dance and Display by the Caledonian Society in aid of the Red Cross Prisoners-of-War Fund



Lord Kindersley and Lady Kindersley



Sir Anthony and Lady Meyer with their daughter, Carolyn Clare



Lt.-Col. and the Hon. Mrs. Neame and their son, Richard



Major E. D. and Lady Alexandra
Metcalfe and their son, David



Admiral and Mrs. Troubridge
and Peter Troubridge



Lord Brocket with his son,
the Hon. Richard Nall-Cain



H. M. Stanley, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. K. B.
Stanley and Miss Maureen Stanley



Miss Gregson-Ellis
with R. J. Palmer



Brig. and Mrs. Gibbs with
D. E. Gibbs and J. Cobbold



Cdr. Sir R. and Lady Leeds, George Leeds and Miss Harvey



Lord Bathurst, Miss Jenifer Langton and Mr. Farquharson

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

TO introduce live humming-birds into Europe is something of a feat, as Auntie *Times* was remarking admirably last week about the British ornithologist who did so. On the other hand, does it add to the sum-total of human happiness? Surely this is the test?

Possibly it does. There may be sweet-voiced serious-eyed women who go round saying: "Darling Yolande has experienced the Life Beautiful to the full ever since Mr. Whoosit introduced live humming-birds into Europe," or: "One cannot but remember that Dusty stopped beating poor Rhoda with a rhinoceros-whip the very day after live humming-birds were introduced," etc., etc. We'd want to view this radiance ourselves (as the American rebel colonel said at Bunker's Hill: "Boys, don't fire till you see the light in their eyes") before deciding. Millions of bowlerhatted citizens probably don't give a damn for humming-birds alive or dead, as a Gallup Poll would swiftly reveal.

For: 89 per cent.
Against: 98 per cent.
Don't know: 102 per cent.
Don't care: 507 per cent.

Footnote

ANOTHER way to judge would be to get the populace to sign a petition for or against humming-birds. The Race loves

signing petitions, like the Americans. There's a true story about a monster petition signed recently by some 15,000 exquisite members of women's colleges in the States which turned out when examined later to be a demand that they should all be put to death forthwith. Some odious cynic had exploited the Old Team-Spirit again.

Life, Life, what a heartbreak you are.

Romance

CHAPS who skittishly allege (as one did last week) that nothing romantic could ever happen in Manchester do that lovely city a fearful wrong. There was a rapier-duel by candle-light there in 1760, just like Drury Lane.

We came upon it by pure accident while looking up the files of *The Gentleman's Magazine*, hoping (as ever) to discover what gentlemen do. One May night in 1760 at the playhouse in Manchester a Mr. Jackson came upon a Major Glover of the Lancashire Militia, or Pitt's Home Guard, and smacked him jovially on the back, an old Manchester custom. The Major returned the smack, as majors will, so heartily that Mr. Jackson was knocked over, lost his temper, struck the Major viciously, and cried "Damn you,



Sir, come out!" They adjourned forthwith to a nearby tavern, called for wine and lights in an upper room, and set to with their rapiers, and Major Glover ran Mr. Jackson through in three minutes and killed him. He died forgiving the Home Guard Major and admitting that the fault was all his.

Note carefully that there was no woman in the case. This is because all women in Manchester are traditionally kept in purdah, closely veiled, and sit on divans strumming zithers and singing haunting little songs. The *Love-Song of Mrs. Sidebotham* is well known:

My bread is sorrow and my drink is tears,
Come back to me, Mr. Sidebotham, or I die!

The song drifts out from the tall grilled windows into the busy streets. Down in the Souk of the Cottonbrokers the merchants hear it and say: "Ee, she's daff, tha knows."

Technique

CITIZENS of France desiring to liquidate ladies, or even their wives, nowadays have only to explain afterwards that those sweethearts were Gestapo or Fascist spies to qualify for a *vin d'honneur*, we gather. Such is the new defence of Dr. Henri ("Tarzan") Petiot, the Parisian multiple-murder suspect, who is not yet being written up by the Fleet Street boys as juicily as Landru, we regret to observe.

Landru of course had magnetic eyes. Dr. Petiot so far has nothing but a big hairy chest, but maybe before long his eyes will turn magnetic as well. It depends on the News Editor. There's an exquisite satiric short story by C. E. Montague in which one of the Special Correspondent boys involved was once ordered to write up a wolf alleged to be ravaging a certain English countryside. There was no wolf, naturally, but the News Editor said there was, and as Our Special Correspondent was young, hard-up, and trying to get married, he saw that wolf with his own eyes within a week, and all was well. Similarly with Dr. Petiot, and we can hear the News Editor saying it, rather wearily.

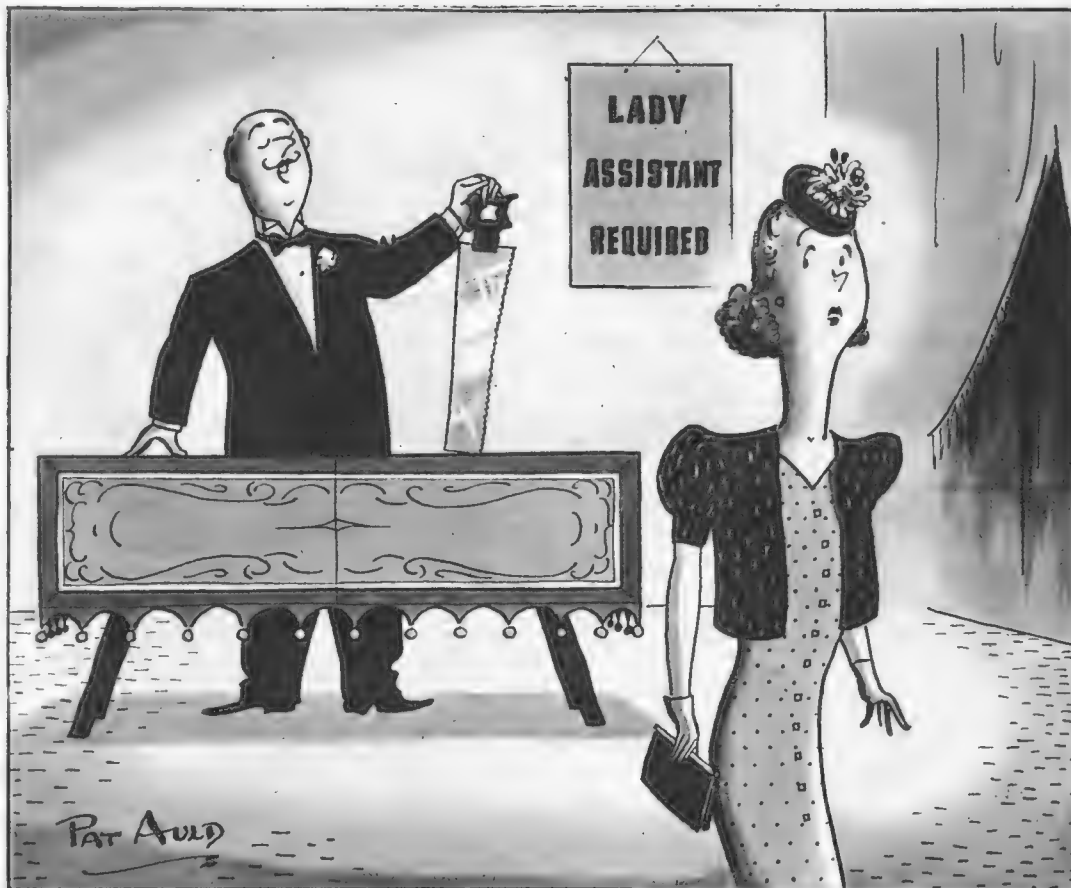
"This Petiot—what about his eyes?"

"What about them?"

"They are dark, menacing, sinister and hypnotic."

"They're not."

(Concluded on page 334)



"Well, I'll be sawing you!"



A 25th-Anniversary Lunch at the House of Commons for Lady Astor

Present and former women M.P.s entertained Lady Astor to lunch on the twenty-fifth anniversary of her taking her seat as Conservative M.P. for Portsmouth. Sitting: Miss Picton-Turbervill, Miss Megan Lloyd George, Mrs. Wintringham, Lady Astor, Miss Margaret Bondfield, Miss Eleanor Rathbone, Mrs. Mary Hamilton. Standing: Lady Terrington, Miss Irene Ward, Mrs. Beatrice Wright, the Duchess of Atholl, Mrs. Runge, Mrs. Mavis Tate, the Countess of Iveagh, Mrs. Cazalet Keir, Mrs. Ward, Mrs. Copeland, Viscountess Davidson, Mrs. Manning, Lady Noel-Buxton, Miss Florence Horsbrugh, Miss D. Jewson, Viscountess Runciman, Dr. Edith Summerskill and Mrs. J. L. Adamson

Four Charities and an Anniversary



Shopping for the Red Cross

The new Red Cross and St. John Gift Shop was opened recently by the Mayor of Westminster at 28, Knightsbridge, and the Queen sent a gift of a canteen of silver and knives. Above, Mrs. Raymond is seen selling to Lady Amptill



Toys for the Twins

The Queen of Yugoslavia bought dolls for the twin daughters of Mrs. Geoffrey Kennedy, who presented her with a bouquet when she opened a Christmas bazaar in aid of Yugoslavia. With them are Mrs. L. S. Amery, Princess Alexander of Greece, Princess Romanovsky Pavlovsky and Mrs. Geoffrey Kennedy



A Teddy Bear for Sale

Lady Ursula Horne, selling at the "Christmas Tree" Fair at Rouses, Piccadilly, had this large Teddy bear on her stall, which the Queen admired when she visited the Fair



United Charities Hold Their Fair Once Again in London

Viscount Bennett opened the United Charities Fair on St. Andrew's Day, and here he is examining the objects on the Chinese stall with Mme. Chang. The Fair was held at Grosvenor House



Lady Victor Paget, Lady Newborough and Lady Fulton were three helpers at the United Charities Fair, and are seen at the Greater London Fund for the Blind stall

Standing By ...

(Continued)

"They are dark and sinister and they hypnotise women at 100 yards like rabbits."

"They haven't up to now."

"They will, because he's going on Page One."

"I see. Does he kill his victims for fun or money?"

"He's a Mercy Slayer. He loves his old mother. Get her crying over his socks, with photo."

"She's been dead thirty years."

"Get a photo."

So there we are, a first-rate splash Human Story, throwing a million "quiet British homes into a high state of apathy."

Whimsy

READING the other day about a Cambridge don of the past who always carried his tobacco loose in his lefthand trousers-pocket and thereby spilled most of it round the room, we marvelled once more at the sameness of dons in their timid eccentricities, which are due, as you know, not to mighty brains but to stinking spiritual pride.

E. F. Benson detailed a lot of these tiny buffooneries in a malicious essay on Cambridge dons which is famous. Many of the boys he describes seem half-cuckoo (the great Oscar Browning, for example, was obviously a trifle gaga). But what chiefly strikes one is the mincing, spinsterly nature of their tricks. If we were a don we'd carry our tobacco loose in our hat, crying "Evoë!" and dancing, or in a birdseed-bag round our waist next to the skin (involving taking off trousers and shirt in a crowded drawing-room every time we wanted a smoke), or in a brass warming-pan, or a balloon, or our right boot. And every time we wanted to fill a pipe we'd fire a whacking great pistol and yell curses in Attic Greek and swarm suddenly up the chandelier, gibbering, and shower tobacco on everybody round, and fall on the nearest elderly academic female and beat her mercilessly with a tuning-fork. Dons are often mad, in fact, but not mad in a virile or attractive way. Maybe this is part of the doom they carry for *hubris*, the spiritual pride aforesaid, which is detestable alike to God and man.

Somebody like Benson should devote a little attention nowadays to the psychiatrist boys, who, like alienists, are much loonier than most of their patients. We met one recently who claimed that sex is a big problem. What rot! Sex is what flour comes in.

Turn

THIS being the Grave-Warning-Against-Over-Optimism Season, it was the turn of the First Lord of the Admiralty the other day, we noticed.

Every Minister has to have his turn, a chap in Whitehall told us, and they generally draw from Herbert Morrison's hat. Secretaries and Under-

Secretaries and suchlike trash naturally have to wait till the big boys have had their crack. This involves a certain amount of jealousy even then. E.g.:

"Why can't I? I'm speaking at Much Burping on Tuesday!"

"Well, it's Stinker's turn at King's Wallow on Sunday."

"Couldn't I just slip it in at the end? I mean, after the bit about liberty and whatnot, couldn't I just say: 'By the way, I must warn you about over-optimism,' etc.?"

No reply. All eyes are turned on a saucy little blonde tripping through with a waste-paper basket. A long sigh is heard. A broken voice says: "Her lips are like a scarlet wound!" Sob from a stout Under-Secretary. Exit blonde.

"No, it's Stinker's turn. I promised little Mrs. Thingumbob."

"Listen, if I give Stinker my stuff about all-pull-together—"

"I said—"

Pause. Blonde returns with a file, casting a ravishing glance from under shy, long, dark lashes. Gruff voice says: "Her eyes are like violet pools!" Exit blonde. Deep sigh. Conference resumes.

"Well, you've got your orders."

"All right, favouritism. That's what it is, favouritism."

Before they leave the Director of Speeches says: "Now, boys, remember—fifty million citizens are hanging breathless on your words." Which (says this chap) is probably a bit of an exaggeration.

Treat

IN the postwar New Utopia, as the Home Secretary was revealing recently, the police will use television and dictaphones so



"Yes; but in those days you never even dreamed of a variable pitch-screw development"

extensively that there'll be no secrets of yours whatsoever they won't know, which seems to us ideal.

In Elizabeth Tudor's spacious reign, when there was one police spy to about every five citizens, they did pretty well. Fouché's work in Paris under the Terror and the Directory is also highly spoken of in Yard circles. But what the cops greatly dislike is the labour of disguising and hiding themselves and hanging round the cold street (you can easily spot them by their boots and bowler hats, and the way they pretend to be reading the evening paper). With future television they'll be able to sit in the Yard and drink strong tea with their feet up and watch you all day long.

Footnote

WE often wonder if you sweethearts know what's coming to you in the Great Rosy Dawn of peace, justice, liberty, and tralala. Will you, for example, like having your head shaved once a month by order and wearing that disinfected grey standard uniform? Will you like that numbered plaque on your breast? And the communal feeding? And the compulsory crèches for the children from birth to adolescence? And the police-permits to eat, drink, sleep, work, get married, scratch yourself, and die? And all the Civil Service snoopers who'll be billeted on you? And the attractive plain vans which will call for Mumsie and Uncle and poor Auntie Madge when the State Eugenics Bureau has decided it's time for them to be put away? We bet you will, you big sporting cricketers.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"My dear, it makes me feel so terribly homesick—Alfred used to look just like that when he came back from those monthly dinners at the golf-club"



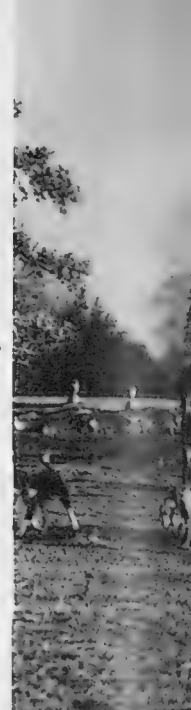
Marcus Adams

Mrs. Peter de Polnay and Her Son

Mrs. de Polnay married the well-known Hungarian novelist, Mr. Peter de Polnay, in June 1942. Formerly Mrs. Margaret Parkinson Smith, she is the daughter of the late Sir Reginald Mitchell Banks, K.C. Her husband, son of the late Count Eugene de Polnay, is the author of *Death and To-morrow*, a realistic account of German-occupied Paris, and *Water on the Steps*, another story of France in enemy hands. His latest work, *Two Mirrors*, was published last month. Mrs. de Polnay is a talented artist, and designs the covers for her husband's books. Their small son, Gregory, seen above with his mother, was born in October 1943



The Quorn Foxhounds Met at Saxelby Hall, Leicestershire



Mrs. Joan Balding



Mrs. Oswald Smith

Hunting in the Midlands

Recent Meets of the Quorn and the Cottesmore

● In 1939 there were some 200 packs of foxhounds in the country, and most of them have managed to keep going during the war with skeleton packs and staffs, in spite of the severe shortage of hounds, men, horses and money. Their main object has been to keep down foxes, and to maintain the machinery in running order, so that when peace comes again hunting may be handed over as a going concern to returning members of the forces. The pictures on these pages were taken at recent meets of two of the most famous of the Midland packs, the Quorn and the Cottesmore



Capt. Wilson, Major P. Cantrell-Hubbersty, Master of the Quorn, and Mrs. George Earl



Capt. Newman, Just Back from Abroad, Chats to Mrs. George Earl at the Meet of the Quorn



esmore Met at Launde Abbey, Home of Mr. E. T. Walker



Some of the Field, with Mr. E. T. Walker in the Centre



Mrs. Gibson and Lady Tate



Miss Violet and Miss May Wilson



Lady Helena Hilton-Green,
Master of the Cottesmore



Lady Barbara Lowther at the
Meet at Saxelby Hall



Mrs. Jack and Lord Allerton
were out with the Cottesmore



Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

Minister of National Insurance : Sir William Jowitt, P.C., K.C., M.P.

Since January 1943 Sir William Jowitt had been Minister without Portfolio, and until Lord Woolton's appointment as Minister of Reconstruction in November of that year he was responsible for co-ordinating departmental work on reconstruction. As head of the newly-formed Ministry of National Insurance—a post to which he was appointed last October—Sir William Jowitt, with his experienced staffs, takes over responsibility for all existing social insurance schemes. He is also responsible for National Assistance, a separate administration from that of insurance. Sir William has been Labour M.P. for Ashton-under-Lyne since 1939, and had previously represented Preston in the House. Attorney-General in the last Labour Government, he later held the posts of Solicitor-General and Paymaster-General. He is married and has one daughter, who was married last year to Mr. G. Wynn-Williams.

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Two-edged

GRAVE and Reverend Seigniors, such as Cabinet Ministers, as a general rule, are expected only to "joke wi' deeficulty," but the Home Secretary broke clean away from precedent in his recent, and very moving, reference to the effect of television upon the operations of our wonderful police. The Rt. Hon. gentleman pointed out that, whilst this marvellous invention would no doubt permit the policeman to pry into the private life of the

crook, obviously it would cut both ways. Every well-organised firm of burglars, smash-and-grabbers, forgers, coiners and weasand-slitters, in the piping times just ahead of us, is certain to be equipped with the most up-to-date Radar, and hence no policeman will be able even to lace up his boots unobserved by the vagrom men. But it does not end here, for, as may be observed, football clubs are becoming a bit disturbed about the possible effects upon their gates: and how about jockeys, and people who are fond of flirting; also those who tell the magistracy that they only had one small glass of sherry? The outlook is not a little terrifying. It will be no good saying: "He [or she or it] died on me 'ands!" when Radar will show that the animal nearly had its neck broken. It will be equally useless for Eustace to say: "At the Potiphar with Penelope! What rot, old boy! I had to dine with my wife's Aunt Sapphira, and never got off the old cat's chain till 1.30 g.m. [good morning]." The possibilities are simply hideous.

Film Cavalry at Agincourt

SPEAKING of this *Henry V.* film, to which so many people are flocking, a renowned critic says that the unspoken demand of the public seems to be "cut the cackle and come to the 'osses," and that, as a Shakespearean, he does not want battle orgies and cavalry charges interpolated into any story. I agree entirely. In anything dealing with Agincourt, cavalry charges are historically incorrect, for it was eminently an infantry fight against cavalry doing dismounted duty. The Constable of France, Anthony Duc de Brabant, had 50,000 men, mostly cavalry, in his command, to Henry V.'s 15,000, mostly archers, light infantry as it is permissible to call them. The Constable believed that with his tremendous numerical preponderance he had his enemy stone-cold, especially as the English Army, about one division and two brigades, had the flooded River Somme behind it. On the figures, his



Bacon, Newcastle

Awarded the M.C.

Lt. John Edward Joicey, recently awarded the Military Cross for gallantry in Italy, is the son of Capt. Edward Joicey, M.C., and Mrs. Joicey (Violet Loraine), of Blenkinsopp Castle, Greenhead, Carlisle

calculation was correct. But he showed himself a dolt in other respects. The thing which he ought to have done first, he did last. He had troops to burn. He could have contained the whole English force frontally, whilst he sent a mobile column round the flank to attack its line of supply and forward base. Instead of this, he dismounted all but about one regiment of his cavalry, and then expected his knights in armour to make a job of a dismounted attack across at least a mile of heavy plough, carrying their lances, hampered by their long swords, and almost equally by their long spike spurs. What a mess the well-sited English strong-points made of them! What The Constable did with his led horses I do not know: cavalry dismounted lose 25 per cent. of their fighting strength automatically, because one man in each section has to remain mounted to take over the other

(Concluded on page 340)



Miss Olive Creed, who hunts with the United Hounds in Co. Cork, was at the Dublin Bloodstock Sales with Mr. Tim Hyde. He rode Workman to victory in the Grand National a few years ago



Miss Mollie O'Rourke, ex-Master of the Galway Blazers, was selling some horses at the Sales. With her was Mr. W. Magee, the well-known Irish polo player, and member of the All Ireland Polo Club



Lt.-Cdr. David J. A. Heber-Percy, R.N., was there with his wife, who is a sister of the Hon. Mrs. Bruce Ogilvy. 2000 guineas was the top price paid at the Sales for a jilly foal by Stardust



Pool, Dublin

Some of Those Who Went to the Dublin Bloodstock Sales

Miss Anne Chute, an Irish oicner, was with her trainer, Mr. H. Harty, at the Dublin Sales. She is in the A.T.S., and before the war was a keen follower of the Limerick Hounds

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

three horses. The Constable's one regiment of cavalry on its horses did no good. They could not have even raised a trot, for the mud was nearly hock-deep. They were shot to tatters and never made contact. The Constable advanced with his main body in what used to be called in the days of cavalry Line of Brigade or Divisional Mass—in this case divisional. "Mass" means a line of squadron columns closed to five-yards interval—that is to say, a foot less than two horses' lengths. These troops were sitting birds for Henry's fine archers.



D. R. Stuart

Major R. V. Stanley's International Rugby XV.

Here is Major Stanley's team which beat Oxford University by 18 points to 5 at Ifley Road, Oxford. On the ground: S/Ldr. J. Parsons, J. D. Robbins, R.N. Sitting: Cdr. R. E. Bibby, D.S.O., S/Ldr. K. I. Geddes, D.F.C., Major R. V. Stanley, S/Ldr. H. B. Toft, F/Lt. A. M. Rees, R. L. Longland, F/Lt. J. J. Remlinger. Standing: W. C. Ramsay (Referee), J. Venniker, G. M. Colson, E. K. Scott, N. Compton, F. P. Dunkley, D. L. Marriott, R. G. H. Weighill (touch-line judge)

Very Distinguished Personage, who was then a subaltern in a famous light cavalry regiment. My correspondent says she thinks that amid all this blast and fury of conflict, it may refresh the V.D.P.! I feel sure that it will. Anyway, here is her story:

The incident occurred about 1894, when the Blankth Hussars were stationed at Bangalore. My late husband, a few months previously, had been ploughed (medical) for the Army, and to ease the blow his people sent him out to India on a six months' trip to stay with various friends. He got a bad attack of malaria after staying with a friend in Mysore, on a coffee estate, was in hospital at Bangalore, and eventually stayed with a Colonel North, also at Bangalore. The pony he had left on the estate, doing nothing for weeks, naturally was full of beans, and my husband, anticipating an early return to England, had it sent in from Mysore and sold it to a youth in the regiment. After the first ride, the youth returned all of a dither, and imputed all and every vice to the pony, and the sad tale was told to a nowadays Very Distinguished Person in the U.S. Club, in the presence of several members, who were all good friends of my husband. The "V.D.P." remarked: "Oh, you have been done!" One of the listeners immediately challenged the remark, and promptly said the man who had purchased the pony could not ride, etc., etc., and that the man who had sold it would have rather given it away than do anyone; the mistake was, to have sold it to a youth who could not ride it. The whole incident in the club was passed on to my husband, who, of course,

was very angry. He was always quick-tempered, but generous to a fault, and he sent a message to the "V.D.P." that he would flatten out his "something" face if ever he met him. And actually, this message was passed on. Within a week my husband left for England.

The Sequel

HERE is the sequel:

Early in 1914 we had a string of ponies, and a riding-boy, Tulkana. One morning, during our morning ride, I noticed my husband was holding a rather exciting conversation with Tulkana, who was leading the string, and I was aft. Later I enquired what it was all about, as on these narrow roads we must go usually single file. The syce had remarked that all our ponies were bay, and my husband answered that he had a grey pony when he paid his first trip to India. Tulkana at once asked, "Master once selling grey pony to gotcha [batty] Dorai?" "Yes," was the answer. "Why?" Tulkana answered, "Oh, I was dung-boy with the regiment at Bangalore, and every day that Dorai's boy sending me to see if other Dorai was in bungalow, or gone out riding. Then I finding out, and going back to my Dorai, and telling the butler where Master gone that afternoon, and if Master riding, then other Sahib not going out, but staying bungalow." Evidently the "threat" did not fall on stony ground. In these days, these reminiscences are rather amusing. Of course, my husband, hearing these details from the syce, at once connected it all with the episode of 1894 when in Bangalore.



Footballer's Daughter Christened

Susan Louise, baby daughter of Capt. Robert T. Campbell, R.A.M.C. (Commandos), and Mrs. Campbell, was christened at St. Mary's Church, Amersham, Bucks. Her father is the English Rugby International

Such was the Cavalry fight at Agincourt. The only people who charged were the English infantry, and a sorry mess they made of the dismounted French cavalry. Henry knew perfectly well what rotten bad troops he had in front of him.

Very Distinguished Horse-Dealing

THIS yarn comes from far-away and lovely Coonoor, in the Neilgherry Hills in Southern India, and has to do with the adventures of a



At the University Rugby Match

Oxford won the eleventh wartime University Rugby match, beating Cambridge by two goals to one. Here is the referee, Lt.-Col. L. H. F. Sanderson, with Cdr. C. B. Fry. Cambridge leads in the wartime series by seven to two, with two matches drawn



At a London Film Premiere

Amongst those who went to the London premiere of the film "Casanova Brown" at the Odeon Cinema were General Sir Frederick Pile, G.O.C.-in-C. Anti-Aircraft Command, who was accompanied by his son, Major John Pile

On Active Service



D. R. Stuart

A Commanding Officer and His W.R.N.S. Staff in the South of England

Sitting: 2nd/O. A. M. Whittaker, 1st/O. E. F. Biddle, Admiral Sir Bertram Thesiger, K.B.E., C.B., C.M.G., 2nd/O.s J. Jenkinson, K. M. Martin, 3rd/O. J. Dickerson. Standing: 3rd/O.s A. R. Millar, U. Stracey, E. S. Weaver, D. A. Shiner, M. L. Boissard, M. J. Johnston, K. H. Batchelor



Officers of a Battalion of the Princess Louise's Kensington Regiment

Front row: Capts. A. W. Pinks, J. A. Gorman, A. S. Oakes, Majors I. E. B. Foxwell, J. W. Doyle, J. J. Evans, the Commanding Officer, Capt. and Adjutant R. G. Shave, Majors P. D. H. Marshall, D. B. Tregoning, Capts. B. V. C. Harpur, R. D. Hutchings, G. A. Lavers. Middle row: Lt. J. J. Oliver, Capt. D. E. M. Piper, Lts. H. S. Shillidy, R. Mitchell, C. K. Mole, D. W. Blizzard, G. J. St. J. Steadman, Capt. L. W. Matthews, Lt. J. A. W. Young, 2nd Lt. A. H. Sandford, Lt. W. M. Scott. Back row: Capt. C. E. Depinna, Lts. J. S. McKay, B. F. Munsey, Capt. C. E. Cullen, Lts. J. N. Wimbury, J. R. Gray, A. R. Edgecombe (Q.M.), M. F. Porter, Capt. C. G. Stuttard, Lt. E. C. Shimield. Absent: Capts. P. Holdstock, A. J. Holford-Strevens, Lt. A. J. Downes



Operational Staff of a Naval Base in the South-West

Front row: Lt.-Cdr. A. P. C. Hopkinson, R.N., Cdr. G. M. Dainty, R.N., Admiral the Hon. A. C. Strutt, C.B.E. (retd.), Cdr. D. R. M. Kirkwood, R.N., Lt. J. Merrill, R.N.V.R. Back row: 3rd/O. M. J. Styan, W.R.N.S., Pay/Lt. L. O. V. Moore, R.N.V.R., Lts. N. Bartleet, R.N.V.R., R. G. Cartell, R.N.V.R., E. B. King, R.N.V.R., 2nd/O. H. Bovill, W.R.N.S.

Officers of a Sub-District H.Q. on the South-East Coast

Sitting: Major L. J. Scully, a Brigadier, Major C. R. Peckitt. Standing: Capts. W. Cross, B. V. Whatley, Major A. E. Durling, Capt. G. H. Sykes

Right—front row: S/Ldrs. A. Hodgson, A. A. Glen, D.F.C., A. F. C. Donald, J. P. Armitage, W/Cdrs. J. S. Darrant, R. Berry, D.S.O., D.F.C., G/Capt. E. W. Whitley, D.S.O., D.F.C., W/Cdrs. R. E. Bary, D.F.C., E. Haabjoern, D.S.O., D.F.C., S/Ldrs. F. W. Wenn, O.B.E., J. K. T. Cherry, R. W. Bell, P. H. Beake, D.F.C. Middle row: F/O.s F. E. Hendy, J. Quinn, V. Christenson, 2nd Lt. O. Aanjesen, D.F.C., F/Lts. R. M. Mathieson, E. H. Vernon-Jarvis, D.F.C., G. E. Cassie, S/O. S. J. Morrison, F/Lt. W. E. Randall, D.F.C., F/O.s L. T. Hawes, E. J. Thompson, F/Lt. G. W. F. Ashford, F/O. A. E. Woolley, F/Lts. G. F. Murdoch, J. W. Glinn. Back row: S/Ldr. C. Haw, D.F.C., D.F.M., F/Lts. F. G. Woolley, D.F.C., R. J. Bartlett, F/O.s F. S. Sorge, D.F.C., J. Taylor-Williams, S. F. Cooper, H. L. Cutting, S. G. Clements, F/Lts. W. E. Davison, J. Darroch, R. C. Lenton, F/O. S. J. Bradrock, P/O. J. Warrington, F/Lt. P. W. Evens, P/O. R. J. E. Walker, Major J. M. McSwiney, D.S.O., M.C.



Headquarters and Directing Staff of an R.A.F. Establishment in the North-East of England

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Miseries of Mayfair

LOVE ON THE SUPER-TAX," by Marghanita Laski (Cresset Press; 6s.), is a novelette I must recommend to you as quite outrageously sympathetic. It is a novelette in the time-honoured sense, for it deals with a maiden's pursuit of her beau-ideal, with a modest young thing's aspiration to soar in the world. More, it takes for its subject, and handles frankly, the miseries of to-day's oppressed class—the needy and the dispirited, the fallen and the dispossessed—in fact, the inhabitants of Mayfair. "Miss Laski," as her publishers rightly say, "spares us nothing. No sordid detail of upper-class life is too crude for her outspoken pen: no pathetic shrift, no aching need is unrevealed."

This is spring 1944 in Mayfair; and ably the scene is set:

Beneath the moon huddled the distorted houses. Three years had gone by since an enterprising American journalist had dubbed such a night a Bombers' Moon, yet still there were torn and battered gaps in the rows that lined the silent streets. The moonlight shone remorselessly on the shabbiness that interminable years of war had brought to the district; on the peeling paint of the front doors, the empty rotting window-boxes, the boarded shop-fronts and, like banners for a phantom coronation, on the house-agents' placards up and down each derelict road. Between the gaps, among the rubble and the destruction and the stagnant pools of static water, there were still people living in the shabby houses, families clinging, as is the way of the English, to the old home that still held the memories of the way they had lived before all this had come about.

Such a home is our heroine Clarissa's. With her poor but honest parents the Duke and Duchess, she continues to inhabit the Curzon Street mansion—heatless, bathless, servantless, with a yawning basement, scene of Clarissa's struggles, without gas as without electricity, with only a vast coal-range that will not light and a primus that regularly blows up. Mildew forms on the carpets; season-deep drifts of powder cover Clarissa's mirror; the courtyard is stuffed with bottles unclaimed by salvage; the Duke and Duchess sleep in the dining-room. Everyone lies late abed in the forlorn hope that somebody else will get up to get the breakfast: it is Clarissa who generally breaks first—up the stairs from the basement she staggers, in her broken-heeled mules, with the outsize tarnished silver tray. "The reader," remarks Miss Laski, "may have been wondering why this unhappy family did not altogether eschew the miseries of housekeeping and go to live in a luxury hotel. The answer is simple. They had hardly any money left and no more tick."

And our heroine's night life, based upon the Mimosa, is equally of a grinding monotony. Freddie Fitzpugh is but one of the ineffectual many with whom she issues from the Mimosa into taxiless chaos, to declare, so bravely, that she'd adore to walk. "To-morrow night and the next night and the night after it seemed to Clarissa she would be walking home from the Mimosa in the chilly dawn with a corn on her right fourth toe." Can one wonder the girl should wish to better herself, that she should form wistful, glamorous pictures of the well-being enjoyed by the worker class, or that she should fall for Sid Barker—met at a Hammer-smith poet's party—in what could not be a bigger way? Sid, starred as a Real Worker, is, with his sleeked hair, bright tie and C.P. plaque in the buttonhole, truly the embodiment of all dreams. He exudes masculinity, self-confidence and, above all, success.

The Grade—Can She Make It?

To gain and hold Sid's affections, Clarissa leaves no stone unturned. For their first outing—a Communist children's matinée in the St. Pancras region—she purchases, on an open cheque from Sir Hubert Porkington, with whom her brother Eustace is trying to get her off, a hammer-and-sickle printed frock: a simple



Harlip

Doris Leslie, the well-known novelist, is in private life the wife of Dr. W. Fergusson Hannay, the physician. Mrs. Hannay is the author of one of last year's best-sellers, "Polonaise," based on the life of Chopin. Her latest book is "Folly's End"

little number at fifty guineas. Unhappily, this is the first of many occasions on which Clarissa's clothes are just quite wrong. When Sid takes her to tea with his parents—a momentous occasion—the anxious young creature dresses as though for beagling, to be faced by Ma's flowered rayon and many beads. Clarissa, in short, is a flop with Sid's family, and—as in so many cases—this proves fatal: from that afternoon onward Sid's affections declined. Worst of all, Clarissa is fated to overhear his write-off, in talk with a friend, of their love-affair.

"After a while [says Sid] little things about her began to jar on me."

"What sort of things?" asked Tatiana sympathetically.

"Principally her accent," said Sid forcefully. "I can't tell you how much it got on my nerves nor how embarrassed it made me among my own sort of people. Then—oh, I suppose it was foolish of me, but there were so many small things: the way she drank soup from the side of her spoon instead of the tip, and without making any noise about it either; the way she waited for her tea to get cool in the cup rather than pour it into the saucer and blow it; not knowing what women should drink in pubs—she always asked for a sherry or a gin-and-lime, instead of a stout or a small port. . . . I suppose it was really that tea-party with Ma that showed me how impossible it all was. Ma was just as nice as she could be, but somehow everything she said seemed to show Clarissa up, how she'd come from the wrong background, didn't know the right sort of people. . . . Ma said the kindest thing I could do for her was to drop her gently, and she'd soon forget me and marry a man of her own class."

(Concluded on page 344)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

CONTINUING my recent sombre reflections on THEN and

By Richard King

THIS. . . . Watching young people of to-day rushing about trying to find something to do in their evening leisure, I consider indisputable evidence of the aridity of Modern Life. In the eighteenth century, people only rushed about—if they were pursued! There was none of this "Ye gods! What ever shall we DO?" just because there is nothing on the wireless and the only cinema is showing a picture you have seen before. On the contrary, a pleasant evening was had by all while Mamma continued her endless sewing, only to break the happy silence to wonder if John were at that moment being drowned at sea, or if Papa, now more than half an hour late, were lying dead in a ditch, robbed of all his belongings. They were engrossed in their dreams. Eleanor to wonder, when John held her hand that morning, if he really meant to make her his bride; Amelia, her younger sister, who had less exquisite sensibility, asking Fate if Captain Slithery would be present at the next Assembly, and if so—what transport! and if not—what a wash-out!

In fact, no existence could possibly be dull when wives "went mad," should their husbands risk the journey from the City Boundary to Barnet. When unrequited Love was invariably the prelude to a hacking cough. When it was considered a mark of respect to the Deceased for his widow to sink into an immediate decline—leaving their eleven children to anybody who would have them. When the bravest man wept copiously during his wife's labours, and, so soon as the Happy Event occurred, leapt upstairs to throw himself weeping on the bed. When few fathers knew greater happiness than to watch their children at play and would have scorned their modern prototype, who

stand in cold queues to watch Betty Grable or Mae West cavort. Indeed,

where could there be ennui when husbands and wives were apt to start scenes of such Tender Affection as to be "too moving and too delicate, Gentle Reader, for pen to describe"—and this, after they had been married twenty years?

In those days, too, the Poor were content to remain poor. Life for them could never be dull when they might be transported for coveting a sheep and hanged for stealing one. Again, the Rich expected to remain rich—unless they lost everything at cards or bull-baiting. The Humble were proudly humble and the Arrogant too proud to speak to anybody. (There was none of this £20,000 a year and be a member of the Communist Party rubbish. None of this Black Marketing and under the counter business. The whole world was informed that only in going without and looking as if you liked it lay those Treasures in Heaven which are beyond earthly computation.)

The thrill of life does not lie so much in what happens, as in the strength of emotion you bring to what life deals you out. Even by comparison with 1944, eighteenth-century social life was not plain dope. How could it be—with every murder a most foul one; Feminine Virtue in imminent danger throughout the twenty-four hours; fathers and mothers risking their lives in every coach-ride, and the Church ready to pounce on anybody below a certain income for almost anything? Thus it ill behoves any of us to pity the narrow existence of our ancestors. True, we can turn on hot or cold, pull plugs and decidedly we are cleaner. And these are about all the civilising feathers we can preen!



The Dove House, Haddenham, Bucks

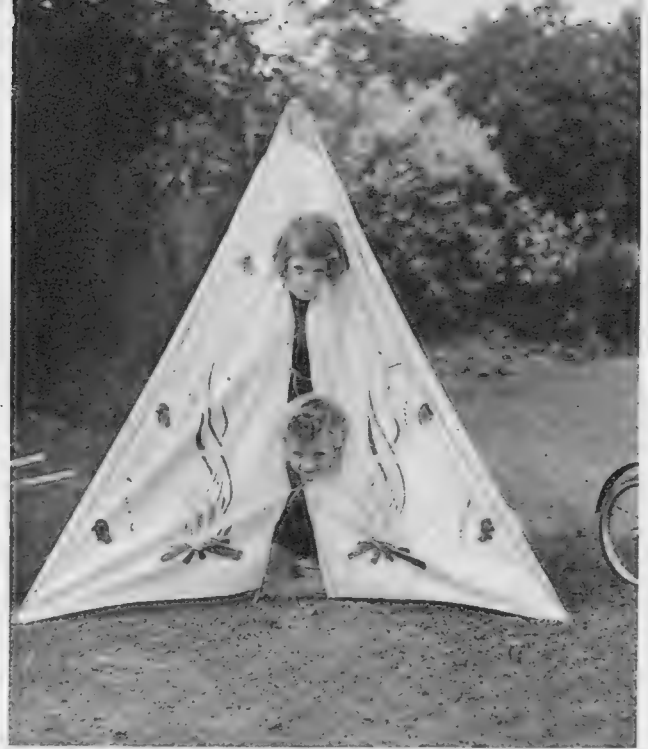
Happy Family in Buckinghamshire

● The Dove House is the very attractive home of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Peter F. Benton Jones. Mrs. Benton Jones lives there with her two children, Jill and Simon. Her mother, Mrs. Pickering, widow of Mr. Warley Pickering, of Compton Court, Eastbourne, was staying with them when these pictures were taken. Lt.-Col. Benton Jones, only son of Sir Walter Benton Jones, Bt., of Whirlow Court, Sheffield, is in the Royal Artillery

Photographs by Swaebe



Mrs. Pickering Has Tea With Her Grandchildren



A Game of Red Indians in the Garden



Mrs. Benton Jones With Simon and Jill

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 329)

the Honorary Treasurer; and Mr. C. M. A. Steele, the joint Honorary Secretary.

There was a big crowd of buyers in the room all day, hovering around the many stalls, which were full of interesting things to buy. An excellent stationery stall was run by the Naval War Libraries, which sold everything you could want for a writing-table, including the most attractive blotters made from old French prints. Mrs. Ivan Colvin, O.B.E., who started the Naval War Libraries and is their Chairman, was at a stall next door for the Invalid Children's Aid Association, who have headquarters in Deptford, Bethnal Green and Lewisham. She was doing very well for this excellent cause, too. On the other side, Lady Newborough had a stall for the "Greater London Fund for the Blind," at which she had Lady Victor Paget helping her. Lady Alexander was making a thorough tour of all the various attractions, which included part of the interior of a "Portal" house. There was also a corner given up to the "Allied Forces Mascot Club," where you could see many famous R.A.F. pigeons, among them Gustav (who carried the first message on D-Day) and Paddy, who did the fastest time on D-Day. Winkie saved the crew of four of a Beau-fighter when it came down 129 miles out at sea; and White Vision, a snow-white pigeon, has the lives of ten men of his credit.

Reception

MRS. ARTHUR JAMES lent the morning-room of her fine house in Grafton Street to her cousin, Ethel Lady Rumbold, for the reception after the wedding of Constantia Rumbold to F/Lt. Hugh Farmar, which took place at Grosvenor Chapel. The bride looked radiantly happy, dressed in a warm shade of ruby-red velvet, and carrying a bouquet of red and white roses and red berries. Her brother, Sir Anthony Rumbold, gave her away, and many members of the diplomatic body, past and present, came to wish her happiness. Among them I saw Sir Hugh Gurney, Sir Lancelot and Lady Oliphant (who came on from lunching at Buckingham Palace), Sir Orme Sargent, Mr. and Madame Hassan Nachat Pacha, and the Dowager Lady Rennell. Young people included pretty Lady Rumbold, wearing one of the new high-draped turbans in black, and Mrs. Terence Maxwell. Lady Dashwood also sported a high-crowned hat, hers being black felt with a yellow bow in front.

L'Hermitage Opening

THE opening night of L'Hermitage Restaurant in Dover Street was a gay affair. Everyone met upstairs in the Hermitage Club, where Dr. Raske, the proprietor, welcomed them. Dr. Raske is a Russian barrister who is studying law at Lincoln's Inn. I heard Capt. Kit Reiss, his assistant, who has just been invalided out of the Army after serving on the Burma front, being congratulated on the decor. The soft green furnishings showed up the Greuze paintings in their gilt mirrors in the lovely Adam room to perfection.

Among the crowd I noticed Lord and Lady Warwick, Prince and Princess Milikoff, Lord Bridport, Sir Eric Ohlson, Mr. Guy Middleton and Mr. Rupert Bellville.

The restaurant is on the ground floor. Its panelled, seasoned oak walls, with their subdued lighting on tables spaced well apart, remind one of pre-war comforts. There are three chefs and the food is excellent. Downstairs I noticed several little alcoves which would be ideal for small family parties. During the week there is no music, but Dr. Raske intends to have an all-Russian cabaret on Saturday nights.



Wedding Dinner-Party

Swaebe

A small dinner-party took place at the Dorchester after the marriage of Mr. Edward James Barford, M.C., and Mrs. Jessie Johnstone. Lord Brownlow, Mrs. Eskdale Fishburn and F/O. David Looker were guests, and are seen above with the bride and bridegroom.

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 342)

Poor Clarissa's heartbreak is not allowed to obscure the Duchess's tribulations: we see this long-suffering woman ignored at the grocer's, exploited at the fishmonger's, pushed around at her hair-dresser's, snubbed at the agency where she hoped to obtain a nurse for her married daughter. ("Quite hopeless," is the desired dragon's verdict on the Duchess. "Absolute waste of time recommending her to me. Really, I don't know what's come over employers nowadays.")

Clarissa abandons hopes of rising above her station and relapses into the waiting arms of Eustace's friend, Sir Hubert, that dark horse. Sir Hubert is very definitely up to something—and only at the end do we learn what. You cannot oppress any class indefinitely, and to-day's oppressed class, under Sir Hubert's leadership, are, it appears, now beginning to turn. We say farewell to Clarissa at an "underground" meeting of the Second Capitalist International—if you like stories to have morals, you have your moral here. . . . In fact, *Love on the Super-tar* has a bone to it, under its exquisite funniness. This book would make a Christmas present: it has been, you may note, published at a price that even the oppressed can afford, and its pretty cover might very suitably gladden suffering Mayfair's chipped Christmas breakfast-plate.

Gallery

TO be good, a collection of stories by different hands should have something in common with an exhibition of paintings—selection, considered placing (or hanging) and effective contrast, though never disturbing conflict, between the different manners should all appear. Short-story writers of at all long standing tend to show a predilection for particular subjects—but then, so do painters: X. goes for plates and apples, Y. for barges and bridges, Z. for theatre-insides, street perspectives or (as in the old days) stags. This is due, at least in the best cases, not to lack of invention, but to concentration on (in hopes of perfecting) technique. It's inevitable. Katherine Mansfield's little girls are as unmistakable as Marie Laurencin's. But this magnetism to one, or at most two, subjects does give a certain monotony to a one-man show—be it a book of short stories or room of pictures. Born critics may enjoy this; the public generally don't—in their case, the mixed show has it: if such a show be well run.

The Woodrow Wyatt gallery opens for the fifth time with *English Story: Fifth Series* (Collins; 7s. 6d.). The Wyatt management (or, strictly, editorship) seems to me an increasing success. This collection has a marked and distinctive atmosphere; the selection shows both mood and sense of our time, both of which you find present in Major Wyatt's own contribution, "Before the Invasion," which is so placed as to do the work of a Preface; and, at the same time, is a short story too. (Major Wyatt, while both favouring and promoting the actual writing of short stories, considers—and oh, how I do agree with him!—that the short story has been too much written about.)

Now for the gallery. William Sansom shows one of his semi-nightmares, semi-allegories: this, entitled "The Vertical Ladder," depicts an unhappy youth climbing a gasworks ladder for a bet. Willy Goldman has a Jewish family-life piece called "So We Moved"; John Atkins' "The Light of the World" suffers a little from the more or less inevitable Kafka influence; Denton Welch, in "At Sea," leaves his signature on a fiendish and sensitive little boy. Rhys Davies is represented by a fine, darkling, hate-ridden Welsh interior, "The Last Struggle"; and Elizabeth Bowen features one more of her gloomy girls. Sean O'Faolain's monk-and-nun piece, "The Man Who Invented Sin," shows, at their best, this writer's sweetness and strength; and Mary Lavin, in her ballet-like "Fogger Halt," makes play with wet white roses, a Colonel's highbrow young daughter and a handsome Captain in a garrison town. Rex Warner's "Opening Hour: a London Interior," is a talking Sicker—plus Mr. Warner's own art.

I do not (for which, I expect, my own ignorance is to blame) yet know enough of the body of work of, respectively, Dorothy Haynes, Henry Treece, Eric Joysmith and Sid Chaplin to know whether they, too, display, in *English Story: Fifth Series*, an addiction to recognisable subjects. All four contribute stories clear-cut and strong—I cannot recommend any nervous person to dwell long on Henry Treece's appalling tramp. Only one element seems to be lacking—comedy. Plots, in general, are on the drastic side. But colour, variety, energy and an excellent absence of artiness redeem the collection from being at all depressing.

Buildings for the Babes

IT must be an advantage for any child to know one kind of building from another—I did not. If anything, I formed an opinion that anything gabled was "right" and anything square was "wrong": an opinion that I now, on the whole, reverse. I think a good many children have a vague sensibility about architecture; and, without encouraging either precociousness or priggishness on the subject, it seems sad not to give such a feeling a few directives. *Balbus: a Picture Book of Buildings*, by Oliver Hill and Hans Tisdall (Pleiades Books Ltd.; 7s. 6d.), is, decidedly, a book to buy for your children—and do not, pray, keep snatching it from them; for truly the pictures, coloured, are very tempting. Stylish, gay, at once correct and fantastic, they cover building from snail-shell to skyscraper, making the Angkor Vat and Great Wall of China as clear to the eye as our comely, well-known Queen Anne.



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Stories from Everywhere

APPROACHING a young policeman a dear old lady said: "I say, officer, would you mind going into that draper's shop for me and getting a catalogue?" "Sorry, madam, but I can't do that," replied the bobby; "but why do you ask? Can't you go and get one yourself?" "Well, of course, I could," replied the old lady. "But it says in this newspaper to send a P.C. for a catalogue, and as you seem as if you have nothing to do I thought I'd ask you."

A MAN driving along a country road saw the roof of a cottage on fire. He shouted to the woman standing calmly in her garden: "Hi, your house is on fire!"

"What?"

"Your house is on fire," he yelled, louder still.

"What? I'm a bit hard of hearing."

"Your house is on fire!" This time in screaming tones.

"Is that all?"

"Well, it's all I can think of at the moment!"

"I SAY," said one girl to a friend, "is it true that Jane is going to sue Jim for breach of promise?"

"Well, she was going to," replied her friend, "but she realized that it wouldn't be worth while."

"No letters, I suppose?"

"It wasn't that. No money. You see, she was just on the point of filing a suit when she heard about Jim pawning one!"



Patricia Burke is chaired by guardsmen of the Coldstream Guards after her performance given at a party celebrating Fifth Army victories in the Gothic Line. The dinner, which took place at a British Army Rest Camp near Florence, was given by South African and British troops to the American forces who had fought with them, and was attended by Field Marshal Sir Harold Alexander

THE following unusual anecdote comes from *Psychology For Musicians* by Percy C. Buck (Oxford University Press):—

A young married couple had a small daughter who, when the time came for her to use a pencil, though undoubtedly right-handed, invariably transferred to her left hand as soon as she was alone. The parents could get no explanation from her, until one day the father persuaded her to give her reason.

"I do it because God does it," she said.

And when asked what made her think that, she explained: "He *has* to, because Jesus Christ is sitting on his right hand."

A SENTIMENTAL woman was married to an unromantic man. One evening she said to him with a deep sigh: "Would you mourn for me if I were to die?"

"Oh, yes," he mumbled in embarrassed tones, "of course I would."

"And would you visit the cemetery often?" she persisted.

"Certainly," he said, with a little more animation. "I pass it on the way to the club, anyhow."

A PRIVATE in a Scottish regiment went off to France at the beginning of the war armed with everything the country could give him to make him a good soldier—plus an accordion slung over his shoulder.

He returned from Dunkirk in his bare feet and with only a pair of trousers and a shirt left of his fine equipment—but still plus the accordion slung over his shoulder.

"You lost your rifle and your kit at Dunkirk," sneered a sergeant, "but you saved your bloomin' melodeon."

"I should think so," replied the soldier, indignantly. "I'm still paying the instalments on it!"

The fact that goods made of raw materials, in short supply owing to war conditions, are advertised in this paper, should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export



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BABY SEAL, SKUNK
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Attractive COTTON SHIRT

—to wear with your suit
Bold minstrel stripes in scarlet, royal, emerald or navy, on white ground.

Sizes 13, 13½, 14
4 coupons

27'.

OF
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Good News for Women of Action

Special efforts that have been made to meet the growing demand for Tampax are now achieving success and retail supplies are increasing rapidly. Real good news for women, who are working harder than ever before and cannot afford 'off days.' Tampax (worn internally) gives them full freedom of action all the time. Safe, simple and convenient, Tampax alone has the patented stitching process which ensures instant and complete removal.

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Sanitary Protection
WORN INTERNALLY
Packets of ten, 1/9
NO BELTS • NO PINS • NO PADS


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ASSURANCE NOW . . and for tomorrow

The Dorothy Gray preparations you are using today . . . with such care . . . are identical with those you used in pre-war days. The same fine quality ingredients are blended with the same meticulous care, to exactly the same formulas. Our pride in Dorothy Gray skin-care is such that had we not been able in any particular to maintain our standard, we should have withdrawn the preparations.

Dorothy Gray

Dorothy Gray is a Registered Trade Mark



Valstar "66" Raincoat

SUPERLATIVE QUALITY AND DESIGN

In normal times the best shops have "VALSTAR" Supplies are, however, now strictly limited.

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'Quality Tells'

Sanderson's
LUXURY BLEND SCOTCH WHISKY

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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Chicago No Go

THE Chicago conference on civil aviation approaches its conclusion as I write. There will be last-minute attempts to arrive at an agreement, eleven-hour proposals and the usual stage properties of such conferences, all designed to show how hard the delegates are working. But I doubt very much if the real position will improve. That position is that no international agreement whatever has been reached; that the United States want air freedom and that the British delegation (which may not speak for the people of Britain) want air bondage and that never the two shall meet.

What an appalling waste of time and money that conference has been. We send out an ill-chosen delegation, telling them that they must persuade the Americans to bind their aircraft makers and operators by international law so that our aircraft makers and operators shall have time to overhaul and pass them. In short, the briefing of our delegation was at variance with the national trumpet-blowing about our position in the air. At one moment we proclaim that we are ahead of the whole world in jets and aircraft and everything connected with them; at the next we try to obtain an agreement which will hold back our competitors so that we may catch up with them.

U.S.A. Views

OF course the Americans were right in insisting on the fullest possible degree of air freedom. Of course our delegation was wrong and dismally wrong in trying to reduce that freedom.

The British Commonwealth of Nations is made for aviation. Its geographical structure is a frame on which aviation will fit to perfection. No other nation or combination of nations has such enormous starting advantages. Those who speak of the American advantages have simply not looked at the map . . . or perhaps they have looked at the wrong map. So great is the inherent advantage of the British Empire and Commonwealth that it could open up aviation facilities to the world, give the fullest freedom and be sure that in the end it will benefit. It is America rather than Great Britain that wants protection by international agreement. But the love of controls has so entered the blood of our public men that the bare thought of freedom in any field fills them with dismay. They cannot conceive of free air transport; they can only think of objections to it. Yet the larger view must be that the greater the freedom the greater the opportunities for the full use of flying in the future.

Freights and Forthrightness

IN these pages I do not often blow the British trumpet, I prefer usually to take a critical line. Yet my faith in British aviation ability seems to be greater than that of the prime trumpet blowers when it comes to the test. For I believe that we can face the fullest competition in the air from any one, provided we do two things: first, set up our air communications in a way that suits the geographical structure of the British Commonwealth and, second, concentrate our resources rather on freight and mails than on passengers.

There may be after the war an increase in personal travel; but there may also be a decline. The absence of reasonable transport facilities has taught many people that the world immediately about you in Tooting, Balham or Berkeley Square may provide as much interest for a lifetime's study as the more remote world of trains, and ships, and aircraft and hotels. But whether there is a demand for passenger air travel on a large scale or not, I am certain that there will be a very big demand for air freight and air mails. Although I am the world's worst salesman and have never in my life sold anything for more than one-tenth what I paid for it, I believe that I could sell air freight and air mails to the millions without the slightest difficulty. Air freight and air mails will be the communications that are needed between the component parts of the Empire and Commonwealth. Let us get down to preparing to carry them fast and cheaply, and we shall be doing more for our future in the air than all the tinned talk at Chicago can do.

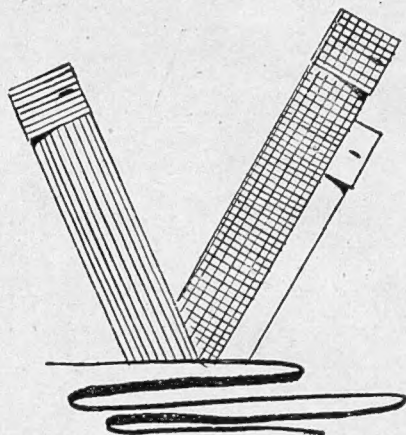
Atlantic Record

A CURIOUS and irritating thing about the announcement of the speed record set up on the Atlantic flight by Captain M. Gill in a Mosquito was that it contained no reference to the date on which the flight was made. Some newspapers seemed to assume that it was made a day or two before the announcement. But there was nothing to indicate this. As it may prove an important flight in the history of Atlantic aviation, it is a nuisance not to be able to put a date label on it. The speed (if the official figures are right) was 363 miles an hour.

It is worth recalling that Alcock and Brown's speed in 1919 was 118 miles an hour, so it represented a triple improvement in twenty-five years. I indubitably speed when he did his "impractical refinement" (see my earlier note on Wing Commander Tangye's new book) was nearly 108 miles an hour. When Mr. J. A. Mollison did his meritorious and courageous flight of 1932—the first flight across the Atlantic ever made in a light aeroplane—he averaged a bit over 85 miles an hour. These are figures worth noting, for they do not as yet hint at any quick falling off in speed progress during the coming years.



F/O. and Mrs. C. C. Russell
Vick were photographed after their marriage at Grosvenor Chapel, London. He is the elder son of Mr. G. Russell Vick, K.C., and Mrs. Russell Vick, and his bride is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Pierre de Putron, and niece of Miss A. M. de Putron, of Lytham Manor, Bishop's Castle, Shropshire



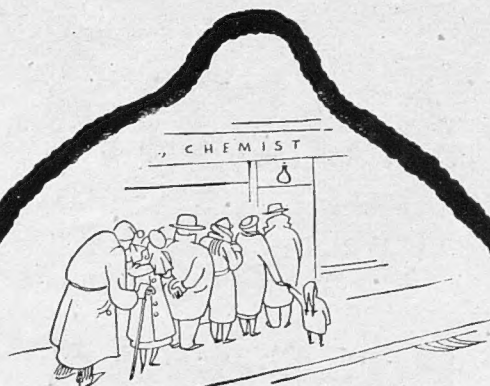
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Freedom means variety of choice. The Austin Reed Service was founded on the sure assumption that men, bless them, differ one from another. We hope to re-introduce those details of fit which endeared us to men the world over. The return of freedom in dress will be gradual, but the pace will quicken as time goes on.

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See the Austin Magazine — December



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P1



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the birthright of every child and many are the dim unhappy little "stars" who come our way to be brightened up with new twinkles. Won't **you** help us to make them shine again, and set a new and radiant future before them?

10/- WILL HELP FEED A CHILD AT CHRISTMAS

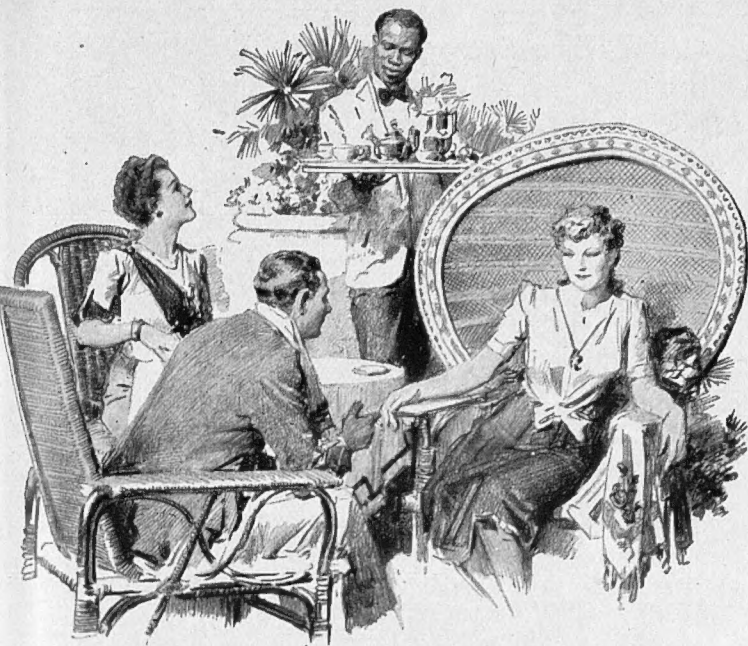
CHRISTMAS GIFTS gratefully received by the Secretary, W. R. Vaughan, O.B.E., Church of England WAIFS & STRAYS SOCIETY, JOEL STREET, PINNER, Middlesex.

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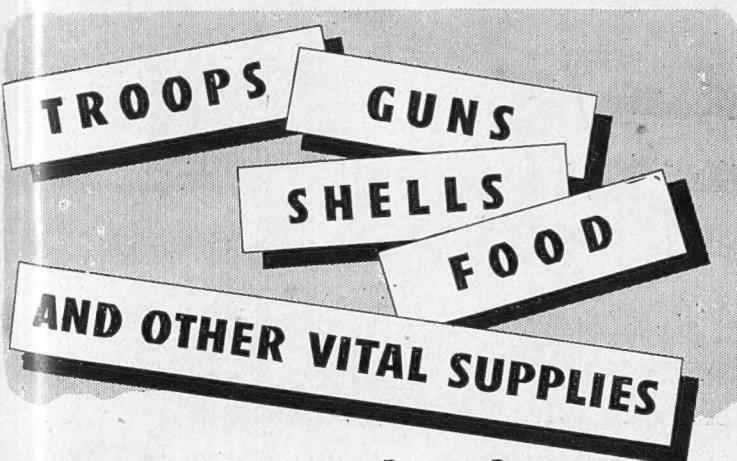


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CALENDAR FOR 1945

JANUARY						FEBRUARY						MARCH						APRIL						MAY						JUNE							
S	.	7	14	21	28	S	.	4	11	18	25	S	.	4	11	18	25	S	1	8	15	22	29	S	.	6	13	20	27	S	.	3	10	17	24		
M	1	8	15	22	29	M	.	5	12	19	26	M	.	5	12	19	26	M	2	9	16	23	30	M	.	7	14	21	28	M	.	4	11	18	25		
Tu	2	9	16	23	30	Tu	.	6	13	20	27	Tu	.	6	13	20	27	Tu	3	10	17	24	.	Tu	1	8	15	22	29	Tu	.	5	12	19	26		
W	3	10	17	24	31	W	.	7	14	21	28	W	.	7	14	21	28	W	4	11	18	25	.	W	2	9	16	23	30	W	.	6	13	20	27		
Th	4	11	18	25	.	Th	1	8	15	22	.	Th	1	8	15	22	29	Th	5	12	19	26	.	Th	3	10	17	24	31	Th	.	7	14	21	28		
F	5	12	19	26	.	F	2	9	16	23	.	F	2	9	16	23	30	F	6	13	20	27	.	F	4	11	18	25	.	F	1	8	15	22	29		
S	6	13	20	27	.	S	3	10	17	24	.	S	3	10	17	24	31	S	7	14	21	28	.	S	5	12	19	26	.	S	2	9	16	23	30		
JULY						AUGUST						SEPTEMBER						OCTOBER						NOVEMBER						DECEMBER							
S	1	8	15	22	29	S	.	5	12	19	26	S	.	2	9	16	23	30	S	.	7	14	21	28	S	.	4	11	18	25	S	.	2	9	16	23	30
M	2	9	16	23	30	M	.	6	13	20	27	M	.	3	10	17	24	.	M	1	8	15	22	29	M	.	5	12	19	26	M	.	3	10	17	24	31
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W	4	11	18	25	.	W	1	8	15	22	29	W	.	5	12	19	26	.	W	3	10	17	24	31	W	.	7	14	21	28	W	.	5	12	19	26	.
Th	5	12	19	26	.	Th	2	9	16	23	30	Th	.	6	13	20	27	.	Th	4	11	18	25	.	Th	1	8	15	22	29	Th	.	6	13	20	27	.
F	6	13	20	27	.	F	3	10	17	24	31	F	.	7	14	21	28	.	F	5	12	19	26	.	F	2	9	16	23	30	F	.	7	14	21	28	.
S	7	14	21	28	.	S	4	11	18	25	.	S	1	8	15	22	29	.	S	6	13	20	27	.	S	3	10	17	24	.	S	1	8	15	22	29	.

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